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W T P

POTPOURRI



SPICE AND  
ROSELEAVES

MIRANDA  
POWERS  
SWENSON

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# Pot=Pourri

Spice and Rose Leaves

VERSES BY

Miranda Powers Swenson

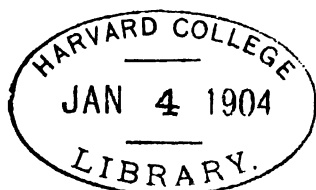


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## **To the Little Son John**



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## At Twilight

There's nothing in the day, I know,  
So sad as when the sunset glow  
    Fades in the West away;  
O twilight hour! O sweet, sad time!  
When daylight wanes, and vespers chime,  
    'Tis neither night nor day.

The dark shades fold me in their gloom,  
As slow they creep from room to room,  
    But love-light still have I;  
The hour itself doth mournful seem,  
Alone I sit in happy dream,  
    While darkness clouds the sky.

'Tis now, dear one, a voice I hear,  
So low, so soft, so sweet, so clear,  
    I know it to be thine;  
"I love thee, dear, with all my heart,  
Though many miles do still us part,  
    I love thee, Sweetheart mine."

Then through the dusk I see thy face,  
And feel thee near in close embrace,  
    Through all the glad twilight.  
O! sweet at close of dreary day,  
When darkness gathers 'round my way,  
    To sit and wait the night.

## Love's Fear

Sometimes this thought stabs deep my  
heart,

Like sharpened spear, or whetted dart,  
That some day in the coming time,  
When snows lie deep, or roses climb,  
You may forget;  
That some day I may raise my eyes  
To read the love that in yours lies,  
And find but cold indifference,  
Where passion late, with love intense,  
Had bright flames set.

Some day perhaps my lips may press  
Yours cold, unfeeling, answerless;  
My hand's firm pressure then may be  
Unrecognized by touch from thee  
Of strong, warm palm.  
Change is a law that works alway  
Through Nature old, from day to day;  
The roses fade when Summer's past,  
Green leaves shrivel in Wintry blast,  
Or frost's chill calm.

And so thy heart may change, dear one,  
And grow less warm, as does the Sun  
To Earth, when Winter's time is here,  
And days are cold, and nights are drear,  
With snow beset.

Sometimes my heart is still with fear,  
Lest all that makes my poor life dear,  
And gives me joy each dawning day,  
Should be forever snatched away,  
And you forget.

### Invitation

Come and kiss me, Sweetheart mine,  
Let me feel the touch divine,  
Of thy lips' soft, sweet caress;  
Set the red blood coursing through  
Heart that beats and throbs for you,  
By one touch of tenderness.

Like the parched earth that waits  
For the op'ning of flood-gates,  
So pause I in eagerness;  
As the rains new life impart,  
So comes strengthening to my heart,  
By thy sweet lips' soft caress.

## The Coming Brotherhood of Man

Through the many jangling discords  
Of full countless Christian creeds,  
Each contending theirs the doctrine  
That will meet all human needs,  
It is difficult to fathom,  
In the loud uproar and strife,  
Just the measure of relation  
Each bears to the Prince of Life.

O, how simple is the story  
Of the lowly Saviour's love,  
Who a full salvation gave men,  
Exiled from the Courts above!  
What rebuke is offered daily  
In the record of His life,  
To the loud-contending bodies  
Who are sowing seeds of strife!

When the lowly Nazarene  
Trode the path unto the cross,  
Thought he not of cruel passion,  
Of his suffering and loss;  
But his pure lips framed a prayer  
For the Church that bears His name,  
That they might be one in purpose  
Those for whom He bore the shame.

Nineteen centuries have fallen  
Into Time's measure of woe;  
Still divisions wide, unbridged,  
Rend His Body here below.  
God in Heaven, speed the coming  
Of the Brotherhood of man,  
When a broad, impelling kinship  
All the differences shall span!

### **her face**

Like a star, in the deepening dusk  
Of the years  
That are past, with their burden of pain  
And of tears,  
Is her face glowing bright in her youth's  
Rosy dawn,  
With a smile, tender, sweet, through the  
years  
That are gone.  
Nevermore save in fancy her face  
Shall I see,  
Till at last my lone spirit from earth's  
Care is free;  
Then I know I shall find Paradise  
In that place,  
Where with rapture ecstatic I shall  
See her face.

## Glorified

A silver sheen is on the sea,  
The white spray gleams translucently,  
Each playful wave is tinsel-crested  
Where moonbeams lie in soft foam nested,  
The shim'ring waves in gladness leap,  
Night's Queen is mirrored in the deep.

But late today an angry sea  
In billows lashed unceasingly;  
Its sombre shade of darksome green  
Bore not a trace of silv'ry sheen;  
But when in evening's trysting hour,  
The fair moon came with love's great  
power,  
The sea glimmered effulgent, white,  
And shone and glistened all the night.

A radiance bright o'er my life gleams,  
Surpassing all my wildest dreams,  
My soul is bathed in waves of light,  
My heart is quickened with delight;  
My pulses in strange madness leap,  
Thy face I see, awake, asleep.

But late my heart with wild unrest  
Surged ever, by dull pain oppressed,

My life was commonplace, dead, gray.  
Dark, cloudy, threat'ning dawned each  
day;  
Then lo, thou camest and 'twas light!  
My life took on tints rainbow bright,  
My heart was calmed, soothed, satisfied,  
My whole life blessed and glorified.

### **A Change of Opinion**

TO HIS AUBURN-HAIRED GIRL

Sweet auburn ! loveliest color of the hair,  
Fit crown of glory for my lady fair;  
Thy changing shades of burnished gold,  
Have won my heart, my life to hold:  
For one wee, shining curl I sigh,  
For thee, sweet maid, I live, I'd die.

TO HIS RED-HEADED WIFE

That's right! Get mad — for nothing, too;  
Your temper makes me mighty blue!  
I might have known it, I suppose,  
That head of yours, red as a rose!  
One thing I'll say, though your eyes flash,  
I'm tired of red hairs in the hash!

## Love and Fame

A young girl sat in a garden fair  
Breathing aloud a fervent prayer:  
"God of my life, for fame I plead;  
In mercy give, 'tis all I need."  
While thus she spoke Love came along,  
With tender look and sweetest song.  
Alas for fame! with cunning art  
Love made his own the maiden's heart.  
And once again on bended knee,  
The young girl sent to God a plea:  
"Dear Lord, O God! for Love I plead,  
Mine, ever mine, 'tis all I need."  
No more she tho't of worldly fame,  
Nor cared she for a lauded name.  
  
Ah Love! what gentle power thou hast,  
To sway the world while Time shall last;  
Yea, glory more than this is thine,  
Heaven is ruled by Love Divine.

## Appellations

A walk by an ocean, boundless,  
A sight of the surging brine,  
A glimpse of a land far distant,  
One note of a song divine;  
A taste of Infinite Love,  
Of peace in a world of strife,  
Dull care and aching sorrow,  
We mortals call it Life.

When we cross the ocean wide,  
With silver foam atrack,  
When toward the fair land sighted  
We sail, ne'er turning back,  
When we join the glad, sweet song,  
Voices keyed to Heaven's lay,  
And the peace no mortal knoweth,  
Lulls the soul forever, aye,  
If we muse on time of earth,  
When we drew our mortal breath,  
On the sorrow-stricken years,  
We shall call it only Death.

## Autumn

Each season has delights  
To captivate the mind,  
Gay Spring her charming moods  
Of shine, and shower, and wind.

Long days and star-lit eves  
Rose-perfumed, dewy, clear,  
The siren Summer flings  
With laughter to the year.

But more entrancing far  
Than Summer's witching wiles,  
Or Spring's tender beauty  
And sweet, capricious smiles,

Is Autumn, glorious time!  
Of seasons richest, rare,  
Glad days of golden harvest,  
Long nights of mellow air.

## **A Wise Purpose**

Of what avail the sorrow  
That one time wrenched my soul,  
When each prospective morrow  
Held grief beyond control?

Has woe to man no mission,  
No life-lesson to teach?  
Grief softens to contrition  
Hearts kindness ne'er could reach.

God sends us not all pleasure,  
Afflictions too we need;  
Pure love we can not measure,  
Flows from lone hearts that bleed.

## **To Grandmother On Her Eighty- Second Birthday**

When passing years and weighty,  
Have made me two and eighty,  
O! may I on that day,  
Have e'en the smallest fraction  
Of grace and that attraction  
Which Grandma has alway.

## **In Lover's Lane**

The grass still grows, a cushion soft  
For tripping, youthful feet,  
The trees still cast their shadows long,  
O'erhead tall branches meet.

From out the emerald, grassy sod  
A violet peeps with drooping face,  
And lilies white and sweetly pure  
Still grow in stately grace.

I tread again the well-worn path,  
We called it "Lover's Lane,"  
Alone with dearest memories,  
My heart throbs but with pain.

Long years have gone since Prue and I  
Strolled down the lane together,  
She vowing that her love would last  
Through fair or stormy weather.

Our faces glowed with Love's pure light,  
Our lips told Love's old story,  
And every leaf and flower seemed  
Alight with life and glory.

The years stretched out before us two  
An avenue of pleasure,  
No sorrows loomed up in our way,  
But joys, and without measure.

O! little maid with laughing eyes,  
And lips just made to kiss,  
We could not see adown the years  
Our love-dream come to this.

I hold again your dimpled hand  
Within my sun-browed one,  
My lips meet thine with lingering touch,  
The world forgot, with thy love won.

'Tis but a mem'ry of the past;  
I walk alone the leafy aisle,  
Still haunted by a low, sweet voice,  
A winsome, shadowy smile.

The path is worn, and travelled still  
By lass and tender swain;  
The evening shades still bring as then  
The youth to "Lover's Lane."

## Autumn Wind

Through bending trees  
The Autumn breeze  
Sighs weirdly on its way;  
'Mong faded leaves,  
Ungarnered sheaves,  
It whistles all the day,  
  
A mournful tune,  
Mem'ry of June,  
Of woods now brown and sear;  
A fun'ral song  
Of seasons long  
Dead, buried in the year.

## Found

I have it, dear, she cried,  
Then peacefully she died;  
What wonder that she couldn't stand the  
    shock!  
Then the neighbors gathered 'round,  
To see what she had found.  
'Twas a pocket in her new cloth frock!

## A Tramp

A hungry lad  
All lean and sad,  
Sat over against the garden wall;  
His coat was old,  
Like the tale he told,  
And his collar — he had none at all.  
But pockets he had,  
And he felt so bad  
That they, too, were empty and flat,  
As he sat alone  
On a wayside stone,  
And chewed at the rim of his hat.  
Just over the wall,  
On the trees so tall,  
Were pears and peaches hanging;  
He looked and wished,  
And reached and fished,  
Then over the fence went banging.  
One stifled moan,  
One dying groan,  
And he passed to a world of plenty.  
His tombstone bears  
A peach, two pears,  
And “He died of greed. Aged twenty.”

## **To C. D. C. on His Birthday**

Another year to count as thine,  
To make thy number twenty-nine;  
A year untried, unknown, untrod,  
Another season sent from God.  
Oh, may it prove a joyous time!  
Bright days, glad months, a happy chime!  
A year of joy from first to end,  
A year of good things for my friend.  
And I shall happy, thankful be,  
To know the time was glad for thee.

## **Ecstacies**

The singer's voice is stilled  
When his soul to depths is stirred,  
Else a song, emotion-filled,  
That the earth has never heard,  
Would the silent spaces thrill.

The painter's brushes wait  
While the grandest visions throng,  
Else a theme of nobler fate,  
With angelic phases strong,  
Would the snowy canvas fill.

## Apart

But yesterday I saw thy face,  
And heard thy voice, dear Love,  
But yesterday the sun was bright,  
And blue the sky above.

But yesterday my hand was clasped  
By thine, tender and strong,  
But yesterday joy filled my heart  
And caroled Love's sweet song.

Today the leaden skies hang low,  
No sun shines on my way,  
And joy has flown, I know not where,  
And all is dark, today.

I long for but a single look  
From eyes so dear to me;  
I reach my arms in emptiness,  
No answering touch from thee.

My heart cries out in loneliness,  
In grief I cannot hide;  
For just one sight of thy dear face  
I'd give all things beside.

The day is bright or dark, as thou  
Art near or far from me;  
I long, dear one, for just one word  
Of tenderness from thee.

### **In Search of Health**

I walked abroad at night-fall,  
When dark'ning shades drew nigh,  
I met a man of wealth sedate,  
A villager of station high.  
Ye gods! how strange a sight is this,  
At night upon the quiet street,  
A proud, a cultured citizen  
With smile serene, and bold, bare feet.

## Cradle Song

Baby dear, I bend above thee,  
    Leaning o'er thy cradle low,  
Slumber song still crooning softly,  
    As the night-shades gather slow.

Little One, I fain would keep thee  
    Pure and innocent away,  
But the great world's sin and sorrow  
    Thou wilt surely know some day.

Soon thy tender feet must travel  
    Down life's thorny path alone;  
God in mercy guide thee, Sweetheart,  
    Keep thee from each thorn and stone.

May the tender, loving Saviour  
    Ever have a watchful care  
O'er thee, Baby, through thy life-day,  
    Keep thy soul still pure and fair.

Baby dear, I bend above thee,  
    Leaning o'er thy cradle low,  
Slumber song still crooning softly,  
    As the night-shades gather slow.

## James Whitcomb Riley

Fancies delicate and graceful  
    As frail woodland blossoms fair,  
Or soft, filmy fleece-clouds floating  
    Leisurely through Summer air,  
Find the sweetest of expression  
    In his verses' faultless flow,  
Lure and lead us gently backward  
    To the Land of Long Ago.  
Songs of love divinely tender,  
    With eternal youth replete,  
Make our heart-chords softly vibrate  
    To a melody full sweet.  
Faint perfume of wayside flowers,  
    Hum of bees and trill of birds,  
Weave a spell enchanting 'round us  
    Through the rhythm of his words.  
In the joyous realm of childhood  
    Reigns and rules this Poet-king,  
Cares we leave to follow gladly  
    Small hands sweetly beckoning  
From the lines of verse and ballad,  
    Till we reach a sunlit plain,  
With the flight of Time turned backward,  
    We are children once again.

## A Cry For Mother-love

Tonight great waves of sadness roll  
Like mighty billows o'er my soul;  
I feel afresh the loss that left  
Me of a Mother's love bereft,

In childhood's day.

O Mother! sainted long above,  
Tonight I sadly miss thy love;  
I fain would find a tranquil rest  
For throbbing head, on Mother's breast,  
In the old way.

Mother, thy hand could soothe the pain  
Of aching heart and tired brain,  
And in the shelter of thy arm,  
Secure from all earth's care and harm,  
I'd go to sleep.

O Mother! in the far-off sky  
Hear now, tonight, my heart's sad cry;  
Come back, and lull me now to rest,  
Like tired child, on thy dear breast,  
Then love-watch keep.

## Reminders

I lay them, Love, with tears away,  
The flowers you sent one happy day,  
Now brown with time, and faded, sere,  
Dead blossoms of another year;  
Like that unhappy love of ours,  
Frail as the life of Summer flowers.

O roses tombed in fragrance sweet!  
O love wrapped 'round with sorrow's  
sheet!

With tender touch, in joy, in pain,  
With tears that drop like Autumn rain,  
I lay them by, this love, these flowers,  
The ghosts of other days and hours.

And yet, alas! though buried deep,  
And lulled by Time to quiet sleep,  
A perfume faint, and sweet, and rare,  
Like breath of flowers on Summer air,  
A thought of joy, of love a part,  
These oft disturb my mind and heart.

## To C. D. C. on His Birthday

I watched today  
The sun's last ray  
Make bright the clouds of night,  
And then and there,  
The daylight fair  
Slow faded from my sight.

For one brief while,  
The sun's glad smile  
Made all around more sweet;  
Then dark'ning shade,  
O'er hill and glade,  
Bespoke the night's swift feet.

My dearest friend,  
Till time shall end  
May joy and peace abound,  
And God's own light,  
Of truth and right,  
Shine o'er you all around.

And may each year  
Find you sincere  
In all good works and true,  
And birthdays, glad  
As those you've had,  
Come many times to you.

## The Deacon's Apple Tree

One Arbor Day, old Deacon Jones  
Cleared weeds away, and sticks and  
stones,

From out one tiny, corner spot  
Of his old, grassy pasture lot;  
And there, with calm and serious glee,  
He planted deep an apple tree.  
Then thinking how the apples sweet  
In coming years he'd gladly eat,  
He went his way; not dreaming how  
Some naughty boys in yonder mow,  
Had watched him as their plans they  
laid,

To come that night with hoe and spade,  
To carry off the Deacon's tree,  
And leave instead, — well, we shall see.

Long years had passed in joy away,  
When Deacon, walking out one day,  
Bethought him of his apple tree,  
And wondered if there fruit might be.  
How strange a sight now met his eyes!  
Poor Deacon fainted with surprise,  
For growing there in proud array  
Were pears in all their colors gay.

## Then and Now

Two pieces of tin,  
Pictures of me,  
One taken years and years apast;  
One tiny, wee face,  
And one weary look,  
But yesterday I sat for the last.

Two and twenty,  
Child and woman,  
O! the change that time has wrought;  
Joys and sighs,  
Smiles and tears,  
Careless play and happy thought.

Then, "Now I lay me,"  
Now, "God forgive!"  
O! the guileless babyhood;  
A mother's kiss,  
A mother's knee,  
What wonder that the child was good?

Years have gone,  
I am alone,  
Weather-beaten and tempest-tossed;  
No good-night kiss,  
I pray alone,  
And sleep to dream of mother lost.

## **The Reason**

See the string of old maids  
Going to the store,  
Such a sight in our town  
Was never seen before.

What can be the matter?  
In her Sunday best,  
Every maiden's heart beats  
With a strange unrest.

What can be the reason?  
Plain as plain can be!  
The grocer has a new clerk  
Young and fair to see.

Every blushing old maid  
Cherishes a hope,  
While she drops a courtesy,  
And buys a cake of soap.

## Melodies

I ope' my window-lattice wide  
To greet the day adawn outside  
With rosy flush of Eastern sky,  
And clouds of opal floating by.  
A blue-bird on a rose-tree near  
Loud sings a song of joy and cheer,  
Of shady gardens dewy cool,  
Sweet flowers mirrored in deep pool,  
Of sunshine filtered through green trees,  
Of perfumes borne on Summer breeze;  
I listen, while a sweeter note  
Than ever left a blue-bird's throat  
Thrills deep my soul, a mem'ry dear,  
A voice, thine own it is I hear:  
No note in angel song can be  
A sweeter sound than this to me.

## To My Friend.

Whatever Fortune, fickle maid,  
    Into my cup may choose to pour,  
I shall hold her a witless jade  
    Unless thy friendship brims it o'er.

Not wealth of Ophir's fabled gold,  
    Nor favor shown by King or State,  
E'en all my little life might hold,  
    Could for thy friendship compensate.

Fortune may fame and riches great  
    Withhold, save for my direst need,  
Then shall I bless the kindly Fate,  
    And count myself favored indeed,

If thy hand may reach mine, my friend,  
    Through all the years to come,  
Until the day of life shall end,  
    Then lead me gently Home.

## The Missing Link

At the show I wandered 'round,  
Till the monkey's cage I found  
(Each attraction tried to ostracize the  
other,)

Here I stopped to fraternize,  
Incidentally to size  
Up the link that bound me to my brother.

I determined not to see,  
And by no means to agree  
With the theory that Darwin almost  
proved,  
But the men upon life's stage,  
And the monkeys in the cage,  
I was forced to see were cousins once  
removed.

While I cogitated there,  
On the common fate we share  
In belonging to the tricky monkey lot,  
I couldn't help but think  
Of the long-lost missing link,  
That has caused the wisest sages anxious  
thought.

Soon there strutted by  
A spectacle that I  
Could scarcely then behold without a  
smile;  
His eye of glass, and cane,  
Balanced up his lack of brain,  
And his clothes were in the very latest  
style.

Then I knew that I had found  
The missing link that bound,  
'Twas a creature we had simply called the  
dude;  
I wondered what the dozen  
Apes thought of their cousin,  
But I knew to ask the question would be  
rude.

### **Enduring**

The world hath its pleasures  
For one little day,  
The world hath its sorrows,  
They soon speed away;  
But Love hath its joys,  
Forever they last,  
And Love hath its woes  
Until Time is past.

## Grandmother

When the sun is sinking earthward,  
With the western sky aflame,  
And the day is slowly fading  
Into night, from whence it came,

By the curtained window's casement  
Is Grandmother idly sitting,  
Dear hands folded now and empty,  
On her lap unfinished knitting.

Her dear face is softly lighted  
With day's golden afterglow;  
Hair once brown is white and silvered  
With life's wintry frost and snow.

Just a little on before her  
Lies Eternal Morning bright,  
Where the shadows, gath'ring darkly,  
Shall give way to Endless Light;

And the weary soul find peaceful  
Rest in Everlasting Truth,  
And the body, tired and aged,  
Take on glad, unchanging youth.

Do her dim eyes look far backward  
Down the vista of the past,  
Till they see a vision perfect  
Of her girlhood days at last?

Does she live again in mem'ry  
That far time when, as a bride,  
She left all to follow gladly  
Him who was her joy and pride?

Does she yearn to clasp once tightly  
In her arms, empty and lone,  
Babes long since now cradled softly,  
Sleeping under carven stone?

Does she hear the childish prattle  
Of lips bearded long, and see  
Tiny forms, these years grown stately,  
Playing by her mother knee?

Is her widowed heart still grieving  
For the husband, lover, friend,  
Who, a score of years and over,  
Reached alone his journey's end?

Dear Grandmother, by the window  
Living o'er the happy past!  
Father, pity us when some day,  
She shall reach the end at last.

When the shadows shall be lifted  
That now veil the Light and Truth,  
And her patient, gentle spirit  
Shall receive eternal youth.

### **A Night Thought**

A cloud all white and lovely, lay  
Beside the moon at close of day;  
A forest, dark and somber, stood  
Against the sky, a gloomy wood.  
The pale moonlight, that shone across  
The trees all dark and damp with moss,  
Made blacker still, in bold relief,  
On silvered sky, each bough and leaf;  
But whiter and more lovely gleamed  
The cloud, as forth the pale light streamed.  
'Tis so with souls in Truth's broad light,  
It shows them white or black with blight.  
Happy the man whose heart is pure,  
Who can the Master's search endure.

## A Valentine

To be thy friend  
Till life shall end,  
To ever have thee near,  
For this I pray  
By night, by day,  
Because I love thee, dear.

This world I'd give,  
If I might live  
So near, so close to thee,  
That nothing would,  
Or ever could  
Divide thy love from me.

## **Sent With Flowers to C. A. W. on Her Birthday**

Dear blossoms, fresh and fair, and sweet,  
I lay you at my lady's feet,  
That your sweet breath of perfume rare,  
May speak of days and seasons fair  
That shall be hers in this glad year,  
Whose first May morning dawns so clear.  
And one thing else I'd have her know,  
Please tell her in a whisper low,  
That no one loves her half so well  
As one whose name you dare not tell.

## With Passing Night

Sometimes when sets the evening sun  
In golden glow, when day is done,  
I almost wish, with passing night  
My weary soul might take its flight,  
To solve the mystery that lies  
Beyond the vast blue of the skies;  
To leave all doubt and darkness here,  
For certainty and vision clear,  
To know at last the Power that holds  
The Universe, and yet unfolds  
Each tiny flower and blade of grass:  
To soar from sphere to sphere, and pass  
To where Truth is, and rest at last  
Full satisfied, all doubtings past.

## **Freedom of the Prairies**

In the city's streets  
I stifle,  
Breathing fumes and heats  
That rifle  
Life of all its sweets,  
And trifle  
With the red blood in my vein.

Give me now the breeze  
That blows  
Through the swaying trees,  
And flows  
By green meadow seas,  
And goes,  
Leaving healing in its train.







